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ORIGINAL POETRY.

ABISAL'S INVOCATION.

Haste, foes of my country! to battle advance,
To their prey loose the war-dogs of rapine again;
Let the dear de si system of slavery and France,
The flag of the tyrant, wave proudly o'er Spain!

Say, cease not your curses on him that ouz'd
Your forces, Castilians! to vanquish or fall;
Who fought for his birthright, his kindred, yet fled
From the shrine of his worship at treachery's call.

Good God! what is country or kindred to him
Who laughs at the birthright by villainy sold?
Hence, Honour! the light that plays o'er thee is dim,
Delighted by the lustre of royalty's gold.

O, it gladdens me when vengeance falls ripe on the fouls
Who to aarchy yield the just rights of the crown;
Base plebeians! they rest not themselves but tool
Which the foot of the strong shall to stut trample down.

Advance, Angoulême! and deep, deep to its blit,
Is the heart of the generous fury thy steel;
Say, start not, o' my master is rest of its guilt,
When the bold-bred sons are for monarchy's weal.

Then Genius of Liberty! with patriotic breath—
Thou nightangel! compass thy armies about;
That the swords which have pierc'd Galia's eagle to
death.

At the bly Bourbon may fear to flash out.

Show, shout, inspirator! Magnanimous Czar!
Protector of nations! thy triumph's complete,
Or shall he, when crus'd is the Patriotic star,
When the last pulse of Liberty ceases to beat.

X. Y. X.

* The Spanish General, infamous for his treason,
during the invasion of Spain by the armies of Louis
XVII.

UNCAS.
"Mohican thou diest."

Last of the Mohicans.

Behold the warrior, as he stands
Fearless—his bosom firm;

His piercing eye his foes doth scan,
His soul, their threats doth snap.

"Mohican, thou diest!" then cried
The Huron—fierce and wild—

Think'st thou a warrior fears to die?

Replied the serpent's child.

Huron, I spurn thy thrents and thee,
Uncas fears not to die;

Uncas thy Brothers oft has slain,
Uncas doth thee defy.

The Huron's bosom burned with rage,
His eye-halls flushed with fire—

Which on the noble Mohican
He bent, with savage ire.

Soon shall the tortures rend thy limbs,
The stake thy bosom gore—

Then shall thy quivering lips declare
The fear thou felt' before.

Huron, I scorn thy coward band,
Mohican knows no fear;

Come, ply thy tortures now, he cries,

Uncas shall need no tear.

Then firm the proud Mohican stood,
Erect his god-like form;

And so his circling foes around
He cast a look of scorn.

He bent his arms upon his breast,
Unwatering was his eye;

Display his noble features swelled—
Uncas feared not to die.

OCTAVIAN.

LINES.
Lady, 'tis past—that parting's past with thee, thou faith-

lest one,

But no, I'll not upon thee cast a taunt for all thou'st

done;

Yet in my hours of solitude, thy image with its smile

Comes o'er my soul with anguish rude, too mindful of thy

guile;

Then moulding thoughts bid lava tears from my feathered

bosom rush,

And plighted hopes of early years in one hot chancery

gush;

All, all of grief comes as a flood, wild'ring with lightning

blast,

The current of deep passion's blood thy amica upon me

cast—

For thou didst smile with meteor light to lead the weak

astray;

And I, poor fool, was lost in night, but woke to darker

day.

Fool, that I was, to deem the heart which beats alike

on all,

Could but those fond rapturings start that love alone

can call—

Fool, that I was, to bow and kiss at changing beauty's

shrine,

To lounge hearts as cold as steel, and pay in tribute

mine—

Still greater idiot, when I saw thy spirit's darkling frown,

To gaze on thee with trembling awe, that bore my pros-

pects down—

Yet, Octavia, in thine hours of woe, let not remembrance

bring—

Thoughts of my love to wing thy brow with cold re-

mon's sting;

Lady, farewell—but ere I fly from passion and from thee,

Shutting the flashes of thine eye to brave a stormy sea,

Ere the wide ocean greets my view with all its stormy

foam,

My friends I bid adieu, and to my much lov'd

home,

One fleeting, transient moment, I attention from these

earse,

Twill yield my bosom's agony a calm before the grave;

Twill throw a gushin' o'er the cloud that hangs upon

my breast,

Perchance twill burst the murky shroud in which thy

charms are dreit.

But think not, lady, that again I sue to thee for love;

No, no, the dark cerasian man that thou still soon

removes—

Soon o'er deep waters shall divide thy lovely frame from

me,

Whose soul is fill'd with passion's tide—but my last boat,

is that;

If in the tape of naming years, misfortune's shades should

break

Around thy light in sorrow's tears, or thou shouldst friends

forsake,

Fudge me thy word, that I alone shall yield thy soul

rest,

And in pensiveness' frost, bind up thy bosom's

glee!

THE STRANGER.

Lady, if thou dost ever here, (oh! how my heart strings beat!)
May its reciprocation prove a bliss to thee most sweet;
But if requited passion's flow is deep within thy heart,
Then only count thou fully know my writhing bosom's smart;
But I have done—my saving's over—the canvas is no longer,

Our bark glides swiftly from the shore—the winds, the waves are ebbing—
Yet ere I from thee, Inez, go, o'er the wide waters never,

FREDERICK.

THE MORALIST.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE GRANDEUR OF GOD.

At His command the lurid lightning fires,

Blanks the firm glade, and fires the vaulted skies.

There is not one of the four elements which

so magnificently displays the grandeur of God

as that of fire. Well might the ancients suppose it to constitute the human soul, for they are similar in their operations. The soul pervades every part of the body, and fire exists in every particle of nature. Like the soul we observe it quiescent in one body and in another; we see it in all its terrific sublimity. Like the soul we see it in one instance a slave, and in another the master of the world. As the soul is the centre of motion to the human body, so is the burning sun to the solar system. When the soul ceases to move the body, every limb is motionless; and when Joshua commanded the sun to stand still on Gibeon, the earth and moon were still for them to receive their motion from his diurnal revolution. The language of Scripture is correct, for though the sun is fixed in his orbit, he has diurnal motion, and when that ceases, the stars will be motionless. Let them reflect that when the large wheel of a mill is at rest, the whole of the machinery is at rest also. We see the operations of the soul, but not its essence; and we see the effects of fire, but not but its substance.

Fire is the mighty Autocrat of the universe—

—its throne is the footstool of God—and its empire is the grand emblem of nature. Like the Olympian Zeus when he arose and rocked the skies with his wrath, it sends forth its herald into the stormy clouds, and shakes the pillars of the universe with its tremendous roar. When the spirit of the storm is roused it goes forth to battle—it awakens the deep thunders of the artillery of heaven—and sets the skies on fire. The clash of resounding strife rings in our ears. The mighty master comes forth from the dark dungeon in which he was chained—he rides round the ethereal dome in his rapid car wheeled by the whirlwinds—and the halls of heaven echo with the crash of clouds. The mighty monarchs of the earth tremble when the dreadful Autocrat levels his artillery at the globe. It was the same Autocrat with whom the immortal Franklin made a league, and entered into endless negotiations. He sent forth his ambassador to the gloomy palace of the Autocrat, who was conducted to his presence in a cage—an iron cage was settled between them—the dark storm of elemental war rolled away—and the universal rainbow banner was hung out in the east. But the Autocrat escaped from the dungeon of the philosopher—he was seen again in battle with the spirits of the storm—and Franklin raised his bayonet against him from every steely. He was again enveloped in his grand and brilliant fireworks in the heavens, and scattering his thunderbolts in every direction. Such is

fire.

We have frequently observed that the love of

fashion, of splendid houses, elegant furniture,

&c. hurry many a wretched family to early

ruin; and as the cause is so apparent, it seems

wonderful that the elder and more experienced

friends of young couples, should rather

betray them into this too common error, than

endeavour to obviate it by means so much

smaller than their own.

Sarah Meadows was the eldest of nine children—very pretty, and fashionably educated

—her parents had accumulated a decent fortune,

and she was well provided for by her

parents.

She was well educated, and

had been brought up in a comfortable home.

Her parents were

both dead, and she

had been brought up by her

relatives.

She was very fond of

reading, and

had a great taste for

poetry.

She was fond of

music, and

had a good voice.

She was fond of

travel, and

had been to many

countries.

She was fond of

gardening, and

had a fine garden.

She was fond of

painting, and

had a good hand at

it.

She was fond of

writing, and

had a good pen.

She was fond of

reading, and

had a good library.



Variety's very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

Lines written on the back of a Bank Bill
Received at the office of the Saturday Evening Post.

Go, for you burn my hand,
Go travel round the land;
We spent a thousand more—
This week I've spent a score;

I took thee for a simple song,
Wrote on a lover's painful wrong;

And now I pay you for the boast

(of literature), the Evening Post;

And God forbid that I should wrong;

The print that cherishes my song;

Pay up subscribers who have read,

Our printers dearly earn their bread!

MILFORD BARD.

Answers to the Conundrums, Enigmas, and Charades. Inserted last week.

Conundrums.—1. Peter-shur-y-gum. 2.—Because they are in the habit of stealing (stealing) knives. 3. Because it is becoming a woman.

Enigmas.—Grace—ace—ace.

Charades.—1. Night-gale. 2. Whippoorwill. 3. Sea-Dog.

Answer to the Puzzle in the last Saturday Evening Post.

A word of six letters which figures conspicuously in History's Page is Edward, King of England.

The 2d, 3d and 4th transposed, makes a member of the feathered tribe. *Dow*—transpose the same back, and it makes a useful appenage to five arms, *Wed*—my 3d, 4th and 5th joined, I am never in peace which is *War*—transpose my 1st, 3d and 6th, and I am enjoined by scripture, *Wed*—transpose my 2d, 4th and 5th, and I am used with novels, *Wed*—after purchasing a blue coat, make use of my 1st, 3d, 4th and 5th, which after so doing I generally *Wear*—my 1st, 4th and 3rd combined, forms part of the human body, which is an *Ear*; add to it my 2d, and it becomes *Dear*—transpose my 1st, 3d, 4th and 6th, and I am not in existence, but *Dead*—combine my 3d, 5th, 6th and 7th, and I am to be found throughout the city, *War*—transpose my 1st, 2d and 3d, and *Hall*, so does the *Janus*—you commit my 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th transposed, when you walk through the water, which is *Wade*—transpose my 2d, 4th and 6th, and I am often expressed by children, which is *Bird*—with my 1st, 3d and 4th transposed, you look upon your superiors with *Hate*—transpose my 1st, 2d and 3d, and I am a colour, *He*—transpose my 2d, 4th and 6th, and I am taught in schools, to *Add*—he is a poor Architect that does not know how to do my 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th, transposed—he must be a poor one indeed, that knows not how to *Draw*.

W. W. P.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is an artificer like an external observer?

2. Why is a human being like the state of Pennsylvania?

3. Why is a cook with nothing in it like the beginning and ending of night?

4. Why is a rate like small nails?

5. Why is an insect like power?

6. Put the letters of *new door* in one word.

7. I come from living creature, I myself have no tongue;

But am able, notwithstanding, to answer every one.

8. What tree carries you to Philadelphia?

CHARADES.

1. What all on earth do ardently desire,

The God, whose music tamed wild beasts, 'tis said;

The very name of what our souls shall fire,
And he who multiplied the widows bread;

The initials rightly joint'd to view will bring

A sweet, devious, vacuating thing.

2. My first, an instrument, is of great use,

Without it, our knowledge would not be diffuse;

My next, without doubt is the Lord of Creation;

And my last carries produce, from nation to nation;

What should be possess'd both by Greed and Jeal.

A. M. C.

My whole is composed of five letters, my relation is numerous, and though they inhabit the most respectable houses, many of them are forever *blue*. Take my 3d, 4th and 5th transposed, and I am an excellent beverage—take my 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th transposed, and I am the lawyer's friend; take my 1st, 2d and 3d transposed, and I am considerably higher than a *bull*—transpose again my 1st, 2d, 3d and 5th, and I indicate sickness or fear—*aga* transpose them and he is a smart fellow that can make a smart one of me—leave out one of my members and I can never reach him early—*transpose my 3d, 3d and 5th*, and I am found in taverns—*transpose my 3d, 4th and 5th*, and I am found in the indolent mood present tense of a verb—*transpose my 1st, 3d and 5th*, and I am a title given to a certain breed of small animals.

E.

STEAM—A MIRACLE. Sir Ralph Woodford told us that when this steamer was first started, (in Trinidad,) he had a large party, as a mode of patronising the undertaking, took a trip of pleasure in her, through some of the Bocas of the main ocean. Almost every one got sick outside, and as they returned through the Bocas Grandas, there was no one on deck but the man at the helm and himself. When they were in the middle of the passage, a small privateer, such as commonly infested the gulf during the troubles in Colombia, was seen making all sail for the shore of Trinidad. Her course seemed unaccountable, but what was their surprise, when on nearing the coast, the privateer never tacked, and finally, that she ran herself directly on shore, the crew at the same time leaping out over the bows and sides of the vessel, and scampering off, as if they were mad, make up the mountains, and others into the thickets. This was so strange a sight, that Sir Ralph Woodford ordered the helmsman to steer for the privateer, that he might discover the cause of it. When they came close, the vessel was deserted: Sir Ralph went on board of her, and after searching various parts without finding any one, he at length opened a side cabin, and saw a man lying on a mat, evidently with some broken limb. The man made no effort to get himself in a posture of supplication; he was pale as ashes, his teeth chattered, and his hair stood on end. "Misericordia! misericordia! Ave Maria!" faltered the Colombeño. Sir Ralph asked the man what was the

cause of the strange conduct of the crew: "Misericordia!" was the only reply.

"Sales pures soy?" said the governor, ("Do you know me?")

"El—El—O Señor! misericordia!" said *María* answered the smuggler.

It was a considerable time before the fellow could be brought back to his senses, when he gave this account of the matter; that they saw a vessel apparently following them, with only two persons on board, and steering without a single sail, directly in the teeth of the wind, current, and tide:

Against the breeze, and against the tide,

She steered with uplifted keel.

That they knew no ship could move in such a course by human means; that they heard a deep roaring noise, and saw an unusual agitation of water, which their fears magnified; finally, that they concluded it to be a supernatural appearance, accordingly drove their own vessel ashore in an agony of terror, and escaped as they could; that he himself was not able to move, and that when he heard Sir Ralph's footsteps, he verily and in truth believed, that he had fallen into the hands of the Evil Spirit.

GOOD LIKENESS.

Dr. Buchanan, of the U. S. Navy, stationed at Sackett's Harbour, having sent his son to New York for the purpose of taking passage for Europe, wrote to a friend in this city to select a portrait painter, and have the boy's likeness taken and sent to him. This was done, and some time after the friend received a letter expressing the father's approbation of the portrait, and relating a singular occurrence evincing the truth of the resemblance.

"My friend," Captain Hinman, has a fine pointer dog, named *Pero*. My dear James being an excellent shot, and fond of sporting, an intimacy was consequently formed between him and Mr. Pero, who would frequently call (as it were) for James to go hunting. After James' absence, he repeated his visit about once a week, as if seeking his former friend. The first visit he paid after the arrival of Dumplin's semblance of his sporting companion was truly affecting. The moment he came into the door the picture struck his eye—he stood motionless, one leg raised, and his tail wagging for a few moments—he then seemed to have identified the truth of his own sight, rapidly approached it, whining and wagging his tail, jumped upon the chair over which it stood, and placing his fore paws on the frame, barking the hands of his quondam young friend; and repeat his visits frequently, standing, and respecting his master's frequent, standing, and voluntary resigning the sceptre and the sword, retired to the shades of private life.

And the name of Washington.

Adding new lustre to humanity, resounding to the remotest regions of the earth.

Magnanimous in youth, glorious through life,

Great in Death,

His highest ambition the happiness of mankind,

His noblest victory the conquest of himself,

Bequeathing to posterity the inheritance

of his fame;

And building his monument in the hearts of his countrymen.

He lived,

He died,

Regretted by a mourning world.

A MAN OF SENSE.

A gentleman in Pittsfield, or some where about, being one day in a brown study, fell into an earnest conversation with himself. His wife in the other room hearing him, and having a female curiosity to know whom her other half was talking with, carefully opened the door, and finding him entirely alone, exclaimed—

"I see," said she, "I see they are beyond doubt, happy lovers."

"Poh!" said the rature, looking in his turn, "these two shades are the two steeples of a cathedral."

PREJUDICES.

Our passions and prejudices often mislead us.

There is a French *bon voyage* on this topic.

A curate and his wife had heard that the moon was inhabited, a telescope was borrowed, and the lady had the first peep—

"I see," said she, "I see they are beyond

doubt, happy lovers."

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FERDINAND'S PALACE.

I have never, says an author, beheld any thing so singular in magnificence as the hall of the throne (*de los Reyes*). The ornaments, taken separately, are, it is not to be denied, in bad taste, but the large number of statuary, and commanding elevation, subdue the repulsive, and give it a grandeur which is really remarkable. An effect truly remarkable, I would have been difficult, I believe, to decorate the place, as a whole, with greater and more imposing splendor. The most beautiful marble of Spain supports, between the standards, the throne of Ferdinand and Isabella.

There is one Reparte of Johnson's excellent and well-timed enough to cover a multitude of brutal retorts. "Pray, now," said a pert coquettish, who had absolutely baited Johnson during dinner time, "what would you give old gentleman, to be as young and as sprightly as I am?" "Why, Sir, I think," replied Johnson, "I would almost be content to be as foolish."

EPISTAPH. *LAWYER'S DECLARATION.*

Fee simple, and a simple fee,

And all the fees in tail,

Are nothing when compared to thee,

Thou best of fees *fee-simple*.

FRIENDSHIP is like a cobler's tie,

That joins two sides in unity;

But LOVE is like the cobler's awl,

That pierces through the side and all.

GRAFTS.

Earth up the young grafts gradually as they grow, to about six inches above the junction of the slip and the stock; roots will invariably shoot out above this junction, and by cutting off the stalk, just above it, when the young tree is transplanted, you get rid of the defect in its constitution, sometimes occasioned by the operation of engraving and what is much more important, all the scions sprouting up from its roots, during the whole life of the tree, will be of true fruit and spontaneously and permanently a healthier orchard than can be obtained by the labor and art of grafting.

To walk abroad and to play the fiddle,

Without a sword, it may indeed defend the wearer, but will not enable him to protect his friend.

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